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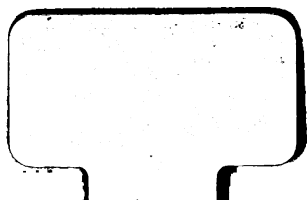
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G. A.  
Cumberland

8° 41







PRICE SIXPENCE.



IN THE

# LAKE COUNTRY.

BY

EDWIN WAUGH.

MANCHESTER:

JOHN HEYWOOD, EXCELSIOR BUILDINGS, RIDGEFIELD;  
AND II, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, LONDON.

BAKEWELL AND FITZJAMES, BOWNESS, WINDERMERE.

1880.

*Cumberland 8' 41.*

# WINDERMERE.

THE

ROYAL HOTEL,  
BOWNESS,



THE

OLD ENGLAND HOTEL,  
BOWNESS.

MRS. SCOTT, PROPRIETRESS,

**I**S the oldest-established Hotel in the Lake District. The ROYAL HOTEL has had the honour of receiving the patronage of the late Queen Dowager, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the King of Saxony, the Prince of Prussia, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and the principal English families of distinction visiting this romantic and interesting district.

A Coffee Room is set apart for Ladies and Parties. Private Coaches and Carriages of every description.

**T**HIS well-appointed Hotel, patronised by the Nobility and best English and American Families, is now open for the Season. The Grounds extend to the Lake, with private Boat Landings.

BILLIARDS, HOT AND COLD BATHS, LAWN TENNIS, &c.

*This Hotel is the Head Quarters of the Windermere Yacht Club.*

List of Fixtures sent.

## TARIFF OF EITHER HOUSE ON APPLICATION.

*Four-in-hand Coaches leave these Hotels daily from Coniston, Ullswater, and District. Omnibuses attend all Trains and also at the Steam Yacht Pier, Bowness Bay, to meet Trains entering the district from Lake Side.*

**Westmorland Smoked and Mild Home-fed Hams and Potted Char sent to all parts of the Kingdom.**

# TOURISTS AND TRAVELLERS.

## VISITORS TO THE SEASIDE,

And others, exposed to the Sun and Dust, will find



### ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

both cooling and refreshing to the face and skin. It allays all heat and irritability of the skin, eradicates eruptions, freckles, tan, and discolourations, and realises a clear and healthy complexion.

### ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL,

An invigorator and beautifier of the hair beyond all precedent.

### ROWLAND'S ODONTO,

Or, PEARL DENTRIFICE, bestows on the Teeth a pearl-like whiteness, frees them from tartar, and imparts to the gums a healthy firmness, and to the breath a pleasing fragrance.

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Ask any Chemist or Hairdresser for ROWLAND'S ARTICLES.

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## HYDROPATHY.

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### SMEDLEY'S HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT MATLOCK BRIDGE.

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Physicians: W. B. HUNTER, M.D., &c.; T. MACCALL, M.D., &c.

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As a WINTER RESIDENCE this place is admirably adapted for Invalids, especially those suffering from Chest and Digestive Disorders, Rheumatism and Gout.

It affords warm and well-ventilated public rooms, bedrooms, and corridors—covered balconies, permitting open-air exercise in all weathers—a handsome and specially-ventilated Turkish Bath and Bath-houses, thoroughly reconstructed with all modern improvements; also a large billiard room, with two tables. The numbers during the winter months average from one hundred to one hundred and fifty.

The TURKISH BATH has a most beneficial effect, judiciously employed, and with appropriate modifications—in Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, and all diseases associated with Low Vitality and Feeble Circulation, a Dry Skin, and Defective Digestion. It has the power to increase the Appetite, Weight, and Strength. The advantage of a Turkish Bath in direct connection with the House is very great. This Bath is distinguished by the spaciousness of its apartments, their perfect ventilation, and the care and exactness with which its operations are conducted. The atmosphere of the Bath is constantly purified, changing under the motive power of heat, and the suite of three hot rooms gives a choice of temperatures ranging from 120 to 190 deg., thus meeting the requirements of every variety of case and constitution.

The mode of treatment to which this Establishment owes its great reputation is in full operation.

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PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION TO MANAGER.



# **GLENBURN**

## **HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT,**

**ROTHESAY, BUTE.**

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This well-known and favourite sea-side resort has a magnificent set of New Turkish, Electro-Chemical, Barege, and Salt Water Baths in direct communication with the Establishment.

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**(ACCOMMODATES 150.)**

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The climate is mild and equable, resembling the south-west of England and France, and is well suited for invalids during summer or winter. Five hours from Carlisle.

Terms from £2 12s. 6d. per week.

**SPECIAL TERMS FOR FAMILIES.** R. MAXWELL MOFFAT, M.B.,

**Resident Physician & Manager.**

*N.B.—For Prospectus and Particulars address "To the Management."*

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**GODFREY WOODHEAD & SON,** **Established 1831.**

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**Tea Dealers & Family Grocers,**

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**28, Victoria Street, Manchester.**

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**RICH FAMILY CONGOU TEA,**

**At 2/6, 2/8, 2/10, and 3/-**

**SPECIALLY FINE MIXTURE, 3/4 per lb.**

**Three Pound Parcels or 7lb. Caddies 2d. per lb. less.**

**Good Plantation Coffee 1/4 and 1/6 per lb.**

**Finest " " 1/8 per lb.**

**5% Discount for Cash on purchases of 5s. and upwards.**

**ORDERS AMOUNTING TO 40s. CARRIAGE PAID.**

# IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.

BY

EDWIN WAUGH.

25



MANCHESTER:

JOHN HEYWOOD, EXCELSIOR BUILDINGS, RIDGEFIELD;

AND 11, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, LONDON.

BAKEWELL AND FITZJAMES, BOWNESS, WINDERMERE.

1880.

Gough Add. Cumberland  
p. 41.





# IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.

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## CHAPTER I.

Oh, nature! woods, winds, music, valleys, hills,  
And gushing brooks! in you there is a voice  
Of potency,—an utterance which instils  
Light, life, and freshness, bidding man rejoice  
As with a spirit's transport. From the noise,—  
The busy hum of towns,—to you I fly.



HERE shall I go to escape from the  
crush of Manchester during Whit-week?  
Whither shall I fly from the strange  
mixture of race-excitement and rival religious  
display,—the flutter of banners and the din of  
bands, — the feverish slang of the betting  
fraternity,—the reeling, jostling crowds, and the

wild rush to Belle Vue, that make up the chief features of our great annual carnival? To what part of the outlying world shall I turn from this troubled scene, so that I may inhale a purer air, and steep the wearied senses in quietude; and in the unsullied beauties of nature, till the storm of city revelry has spent its rage? To the Lakes! To the English Lakes!—that enchanted region of wood and water,—of gleaming flood and heathery fell,—which for historic interest, and for variety of natural feature, from the softly-beautiful to the wildly-grand, is matchless in the British Isles. The English Lakes!

Let others tell how fair they are:

To feel how fair be mine!

It was at half-past one, on the 29th of May, that I left Manchester for the banks of sweet Winander,—the queen of the lakes,—“with her green recesses, and her islands still.” Dark, thunderous rain-clouds hung overhead, and a damp and sullen gloom pervaded all the air as we glided

away from the station, across the slutchy river, and over the dismal chimney-tops of funereal Salford, towards the valley of the Irwell ; where, in spite of all the checks and changes of an abnormal spring, from which the late long-lingering winter seems to have borrowed three months,—in spite of so many May days of “wan and weet,” and “snaaw and sleet,” and

Bitter peel-a-bane,  
That froze the wee bird's neb to stane,—

we found the woods and fields bravely trying to look green. But it was not till the smoke of “Proud Preston” was receding in our wake,—it was not until the darling old land of long chimneys, where every green thing had to fight for its life with the soot and sulphuric acid in the air,—it was not until the busy country of manufacture was entirely behind us that we found to what a rich, bright loveliness the fair land had awakened after its wintry sleep. As we stretched farther and farther into a region of pure air and clear streams, we found, more and more, that nature had not

forgotten her ancient bounty, for the whole earth was bursting into fresh lush greenery. The vernal morning of the year was breaking upon us, at last, in unmitigated beauty, after a long cold night; and, on all sides, the small birds were rejoicing in the return of new grass and flowers to the old fields; which were sprinkled, here and there, with little white lambs, full of sportive life. It was a delicious spring scene, in spite of the uncertain sky.

The sun had yet almost two hours to travel before he dipped his golden rim behind the dark ridge of Furness Fells, when the train came in sight of Windermere, stretching afar in peeps of gleaming beauty, along the vale, between me and the fir-clad mountains on the opposite side,

With all its fairy crowds  
Of islands, that together lie  
As quietly as spots of sky  
Amongst the evening clouds.

And now, here let me linger for a little while. The hotels of Windermere are all excellent of their kind; and, for the most part, they are perched in spots commanding favourable views of the scene;

but I mounted the omnibus at the station, and rode down the hill, a mile and a half, to the old village of Bowness,—

Midway on long Winander's eastern shore,  
Within the crescent of a pleasant bay ;

and there I pitched my tent at the Old England Hotel, amongst a few friends. I found the house delightfully situated at the head of a sweetly-sheltered lawn, which slopes down to the water's edge, with Belle Isle in front, and the wooded fells of Furness rising steeply up on the opposite side of the lake. It was a comfortable nest, in the heart of an enchanted land ; and I began to inhale delight, and quiet revival, with every breath I drew. At seven the gong sounded for dinner, with a ringing boom that sounded all over the little village. There was a pleasant company at dinner, in the large room, from which there are charming glimpses of the lake and its wooded isles. At the head of the lawn, and in front of the west window of the dining-room, there is a fine plane tree, which, when the sunlight is strong, "spreads



a calm shadow, far in compass round." Its broad, bright-leaved, far-stretching boughs screen the west window at the end of the dining-room, tempering the light with delicious coolness, which has a charming effect. . . . In the heart of the village there is an old church, the tower of which overlooks the clean space in front of the hotel, with ancient yew-trees gushing over the churchyard wall. After dinner, I planted myself upon a bench under the window, outside; and there I sat, smoking, and listening to the late singers of the fading day, and watching the swallows as they flitted about the time-worn tower and the quaint gables of an old house in a garden opposite, till the gloaming began to mingle with "the straggling moonbeams' misty light;" and then I crept off, yawning, to bed.

. . . . .

The next morning was Kendal market day; and I rose early with the intent of visiting that quaint old town when thronged with the rustic folk from the lonely valleys and wild fells of the country around. Kendal is very interesting in itself; for

its history is linked with all the warlike stir of the turbulent north for a thousand years gone by. It was Kendal Hirings Fair, too, in which the farm lads and lasses of the outlying district stand in two opposite rows, upon the middle of the main street, waiting to be hired for the coming term. This is an ancient custom of the north, which is now dying out; and I was therefore wishful to see it once more, and probably for the last time, whilst I had a chance.

There was a great company of farm-folk waiting at the station to go to Kendal Fair; and at every stopping place on the line—Burnside and Staveley—another rush came in, till the carriages were all crowded with hard-handed, brown-faced rustic people, standing up, and sitting on one another's knees. At Staveley, when the train was ready for starting, a stalwart farmer, with a great hazel stick in his hand, chanced to spy an old woman coming up, out of breath, with a bundle of rhubarb under her arm. "Hod, stop!" cried he, to the porter with the green flag in his hand. "Ye munnet start yit!

What, ye're nut gaan to leeav aad Dinah beheend, sewer-ly! . . . Now then, Dinah, aad lass! What, are ye gaan to Kendal?" "Eyh, for sewer I is, Johnny; if I can hit it!" replied the old woman. "Cum on, here, then. What, ye wur gaily lish an' nimmle yance a day. Cum on!" "Eyh, eyh,—yance of a day, as thoo says; but that day's ower. Poo me up, Johnny, wilta? for I's a bit hop-shackle't!" "Now then, Dinah," said the farmer, when the old woman had got in, "put yer bundle upo' t' top, theer, an' it'll be aat o' t' geeat!" "Nay, nay," replied the old woman, "I's terribly boddert wid a leam arm, Johnny; an' I connet lift nowt!" "Gi' me hod on't," said the farmer. "Now then; sit ye daan!" "Stop, stop!" cried a woman's voice outside. "Oppen t' dewer! I's gaan ta Kendle, tew!" The farmer looked out. "Eh, Betty, lass! What, is that ye? Cum in; cum in!" and he pulled her up. It was a fresh-looking countrywoman, with an infant at the breast. "Why, Betty, lass," said the farmer, pointing to the infant, "is this anudder?" "Eyh, for sewer it is, John!" replied she. "Bi th' mess, Betty! but

ye'll be gay an' thrang at heeam in a bit, if ye're gaan on i' this way!" "What can a body dew, Johnny?" said she; "what can a body dew? Yan's like to tak things as they cum! But, it maks nae matter. What, ye knaw t' aad sayin', 'al'ays enoo,—an' niver owermony.'" . . . And thus the eight miles passed away, in simple chat, till we came to Kendal Station.

As I walked out at the entrance to the station I stopped and looked around, for that elevated position commands a fine view of the castle and the town. The ruins of the castle occupy the western summit of a green hill, overlooking the town,—

A straggling burgh, of ancient charter proud,  
And dignified by the battlements and towers  
Of a stern castle, mouldering on the brow  
Of a green hill.

The rugged ruins of four broken towers and the outer wall, surrounded by a deep fosse, remain upon the western edge of the green hill, from which the old barons of Kendal overlooked the doings of their feudal dependents in the town below, during the Middle Ages. Amongst these old barons were

Le Brus, Ross, and Parr. The castle was the birth-place of Catherine Parr, the last queen of Henry VIII., of whom old Pennant says that she was "a lady who had the good fortune to descend to the grave with her head on." Kendal, otherwise Kirby Kendal, or Churchtown, in the dale of the river Kent, is the largest town in Westmorland; and it is quaint and clean, though full of old-fashioned nooks, and ups and downs. Favoured by Edward III., it became a settlement of Flemish weavers during his reign; and, through them, it became famous all over England, in those rude times, for a certain kind of rough woollen cloth, called "Kendal Green," which is mentioned by many old English writers. Apart from Falstaff's "misbegotten knaves in Kendal Green," Munday, in his "Downfall of the Earle of Huntingdon" (1601), makes Scarlett, whilst naming the persons who furnished the outlaws with necessities, say—

Bateman of Kendal gave us Kendall Green;

and Michael Drayton, in his "Polyolbion," says—

Ken gives that dale her name where Kendal town doth stand,  
For making cloth scarce matched in all the land.

Kendal Church, too, is a large and interesting Gothic pile, containing many curious monuments and epitaphs. During the civil war between Charles and the Parliament, Kendal Church was the scene of a singular exploit. Major Phillipson, belonging to an ancient Westmorland family, owners of Calgarth and Belle Isle, in Windermere, was a man of high courage and desperate character, known amongst the Parliamentary party by the name of "Robin the Devil." Having received some annoyance from Colonel Briggs, of the Parliamentary army, he raised a band of horse, and set forth one Sunday morning in search of the colonel. "Without hesitation he proceeded to the church and posted his men at the chief entrance, dashed forward himself down the principal aisle into the midst of the assemblage. Whatever was his intention,—whether to shoot the colonel on the spot, or merely to carry him off prisoner,—it was defeated; his enemy was not present; and, discovering that his object could not

be effected, he galloped up another aisle. As he was making his exit from the church his head came violently in contact with the arch of the doorway. His helmet was struck off by the blow, his saddle-girth gave way, and he himself was much stunned. The congregation attempted to detain him; but with the assistance of his followers he made his escape, after a violent struggle. The helmet still hangs in Kendal Church." This adventure furnished Sir Walter Scott with an incident described in "Rokeby."

My way from the station up into the town led through Stramongate, or Stray Mon's Gate, the road leading northward, by which the rough-footed Scot returned homewards after his raids across the Border. The road was throng with country folk on their way to the fair; and I could not but admire the tall, strong, hardy figures amongst the crowd surging up into the ancient town. Upon the main street I found the farm lads and lasses, standing face to face, in two lines, waiting to be hired,—as I remember seeing them standing in the same place forty years

ago. Anderson, the Cumberland poet, alluding to these hiring fairs of the north, says, in his song "Watty"—

At Carel (Carlisle) I stuid wi' a strae i' my mouth,  
And they tuik me, nae doubt, for a promis'in' youth.

Spoken : The weyves cam roun me in clusters. "What wage does te ax, canny lad?" says yan. "Wey, three pun and a crown. Wunnet bate a hair o' my beard." "What can te do?" says annudder. "Do! wey I can plough, sow, mow, shear, thresh, dike, milk, kurn, muck a byre, sing a Psalm, mend cart-gear, dance a hornpipe, nik a nag's tail, hunt a brock, or feight ivver a yan o' my weight i' aw Croglin parish."

After sauntering about among the crowd awhile, I went into the kitchen of the King's Arms to get a glass of ale ; and there, amongst other things, I was amused with a farm chap who sat in a corner by himself, singing aloud,—

Od' dang this love, it's a curious thing  
It taks a body sae mony ways ;  
A lad mud as weel in a helter swing  
As luik at a bonny lass, nowadays !

Was ever puir deevil sae fashed as me ?  
Come sit your ways down,—the truth I'll tell ;  
For I wish I'd bin hung on a codlin tree,  
The varra first time I see'd Barbary Bell.

I lingered awhile in the market place, listening to a



man and his wife, who stood opposite to each other, singing ballads, in the old fashion, with an admiring crowd around them :—

It's of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful, I'm told,  
Her parents died and left her five hundred pounds in gold ;  
And she lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,—  
You soon shall hear this maiden fair did prove his overthrow.

The press-gang came to William when he was all alone,  
He boldly fought for freedom, but there was six to one ;  
The blood did flow in torrents, " Pray kill me now," said he ;  
" For I'd rather die for Mary, on the banks of sweet  
Dundee ! "

As I came away in the train I overheard two old farmers inquiring about the market. " Well, Jossy ; hoo didto ga' on aboot sarvants ? " " Well, sarvant lasses is bad to hire, John. Dang it ; bits o' lile lasses axin' ten pound, and ten guineas,—what, ten guineas is a deecal o' money, these times, John ! Eyh, eyh ; sarvants hev nobbut two fauts, John, just now : they're bad to catch,—an they're good for nowt when ye hev catcht 'em ! "

The weather cleared up beautifully ; and I spent a pleasant evening on the banks of Windermere ; and thus ended my first day in the Lake country.



## CHAPTER II.

Windermere,  
Like a vast river, stretching in the sun,  
With exultation, at my feet, I see  
Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming bays,  
A universe of nature's fairest forms,  
Proudly reveal'd with instantaneous burst,  
Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay.



ALL the day, and partly through the night, the rain came steadily down ; and everybody seems thankful for the timely bounty of the teeming skies, except tourists who are only here for two or three days ; and these are beginning to troop away, most of them muttering as they go that they would rather have stayed longer. And well may they be reluctant to leave this land, for it is past description lovely ; and although a thunderstorm is raging overhead just now, and the heavy rain smokes upon the roofs of the village, where they peep out from their nooks of green boskage, it is not unlikely that the morning may burst forth upon the refreshed

landscape richer than ever in "all the mighty ravishment of spring." Rain or fair it is an inexpressible delight to wander in this region just now; for it has all the wild freshness and tender beauty of the floral morning of the year; and, although winter has lingered with us so long, and summer time is now close upon us, I hear on all sides that a more beautiful spring than this has seldom been seen in the lake country. Wordsworth says, "As most travellers are either stinted or stint themselves for time, the space between the middle or last week in June may be pointed out as affording the best combination of long days, fine weather, and variety of impressions. Few of the native trees are then in full leaf; but, for whatever may be wanting in depth of shade, more than an equivalent will be found in the diversity of the foliage, in the blossom of the fruit and berry bearing trees which abound in the woods, and in the golden flowers of the broom and other shrubs with which many of the copses are intervened. . . . And, besides, is not an exquisite pleasure still untasted by him who has not heard

the choir of linnets and thrushes chanting their love songs in the copses, woods, and hedgerows of a mountainous country, safe from the birds of prey, which build in the inaccessible crags, and are at all hours seen or heard wheeling about in the air? . . . Nor must a circumstance be omitted which here renders the close of spring especially interesting, —I mean the practice of bringing down the ewes from the mountains to yearn in the valleys and enclosed grounds. The herbage being thus cropped as it springs, that first tender emerald green of the season which would otherwise have lasted little more than a fortnight is prolonged in the pastures and meadows for many weeks ; while they are further enlivened by the multitude of lambs bleating and skipping about. These sportive creatures, as they gather strength, are turned out upon the open mountains, and with their slender limbs, their snow-white colour, and their wild and light motions, beautifully accord or contrast with the rocks and lawns upon which they must now begin to seek their food. . . No traveller, provided he be in good health, and with

any command of time, would have a just privilege to visit such scenes, if he could grudge the price of a little confinement among them, or interruption in his journey, for the sight and sound of a storm coming on or clearing away. Insensible must he be who would not congratulate himself upon the bold bursts of sunshine, the descending vapours, wandering lights and shadows, and the invigorating torrents and waterfalls, with which broken weather, in a mountainous region, is accompanied." These are the words of one who had conversed with "the shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements" of Nature, in all her moods, through a long life; and who was endowed with a subtle insight, and a lofty and refined imagination, rarely granted to man in this world; and now, sitting here, whilst the thunder-storm which has been crashing over Bowness is rolling sullenly away towards the mountains at the head of the lake, and the gutters and spouts of the villages are all choked with the rush of rain, I feel the truth of the passage I have just quoted. With all its uncertain weather, the spring time in this picturesque land is delicious;

and there is a pleasure even in watching the fall of a shower of clean rain amongst the fresh verdure of such a country as this, especially to one who has sojourned long amongst the damp and dusky gloom of manufacturing towns. . . . Bowness looks beautiful to me, even just now, when each bright young leaf, and flower, and bloomy bough, and each green blade in the little tufts of garden, and lawn, and orchard, which interweave in such a nest-like way with its pleasant dwellings, is rejoicing in its own drop of rain caught from the shower which has just fallen ; and the well-tended flowers, and grass, and ancient trees in the churchyard of the village, are all twinkling with moist pearls, lit up by a glimpse of sunshine through the breaking clouds. The birds, too, are delighted ; for, on all sides, they are breaking forth anew into song, making the streets of the drenched village ring with joyful melody. . . . It is now more than forty years since I first saw the place. I remember well I had spent part of Whit-week in the old town of Kendal ; and, on the evening of the day after the Hirings

Fair in that town, I set out on foot, a distance of nine miles, for the village of Bowness, low down in its sweet green vale,

Where bosomed deep, the shy Winander peeps  
'Mid clustering isles, and holly sprinkled steeps.

The way was pleasant, and beautifully-picturesque ; and I lingered long, delighted at every turn with some new charm in the landscape ; and, by the time that I had gained the brow of the steep road at Cleabarrow, the full moon was aloft in the cloudless sky ; and then, for the first time, sweet Windermere, with her "green tufted islands," burst full upon my young, untravelled sight, gleaming like burnished silver along the wooded vale, in the calm radiance of the queen of night ; and, as I stood there, upon the fell-side, entranced with the beauty of the scene, I thought—

If there be an elysium on earth,  
It is this !—it is this !

I thought so then ; and, although I have seen a good deal of this fair world since that time, I think so still. On that memorable night, forty years ago, I "put up" at a little rustic inn, close by the church, in the middle of the village. Bowness, at that time, was

a rude hamlet of scattered houses, clustering round its ancient church, "half way on long Winander's eastern shore." Rustically-sweet and secluded, the village dozed away its quiet days, amongst embowering trees, by the side of the lake, holding little commerce with the rest of the world; indeed the whole of the Lake District was then comparatively unknown, and rarely visited; for there were no railways leading to it, and cheap trips were unknown. The village, now, stretches away up to the hill, far beyond its old borders, and every "coigne of vantage" in the neighbourhood is eagerly sought after for building purposes. Of what the primitive village was like fifty years ago I find the following account in the *Lakeside Chronicle* of last Saturday: "The cottages of Bowness were then chiefly adorned with industrial machinery; and we had the incessant 'dincaster-doncaster' clatter of the hand-loom, and the changeless whirr of the old spinning-wheel of which our dames were justly proud. Then, the servants and wives of our fathers could not only darn a stocking well, but they made the material to darn it with. And,



who would think that Bowness once manufactured its own wearing apparel? Yet so it did; and a great deal more than was used at Bowness. If old Betty Shepherd, the carrier from Bowness to Kendal, had kept books, and they were still in being, I could have proved how many webs went to Kendal every month. Where the great bazaar now stands, there was a loom always at work, in the end occupied by Mr. Kirkbride. It was then an old ivy-covered cottage; afterwards it was transformed into the village lock-up, existing till about twenty-five years ago. Other looms were then at work in the old buildings still standing in Crag Brow, others at Low Side, and at Fell Side, and at the old cottage at The Green, and at Mill Beck Stock." This is a graphic glimpse of the life in the little hamlet fifty years ago. Bowness was an early settlement; and still retains some quaint relics of the past, in the old part of the village, which nestled down by the lake side, "within the crescent of its pleasant bay." One of the most interesting features of the place is its ancient church, which stands in the centre of the village, in the midst of its

quiet gardened graveyard, on one side, thickly over-shaded by fine yew-trees. In the very heart of the village the church stands,—a little island of peaceful contemplation,—tempering the life around with sacred and solemn suggestions. The clock in its hoary tower tells the time to the whole village; and the music of its pealing bells streams far and wide along the wooded vale, up the wild fells that overshadow sweet Winander and her tufted isles.

Close by the east end of the church, Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, author of the “Apology for the Bible,” lies buried, under a plain tombstone, guarded by an iron railing; and the fine old stained-glass window of the chancel was brought hither from the spoils of Furness Abbey. It is a fine specimen of ancient art; and consists of thousands of fragments, carefully joined together,—

All diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,  
And shielded scutcheons blush'd with blood of kings  
and queens,

Bowness Church is a picturesque, time-worn building, beautifully begirt by its ancient trees, and its quiet

"God's Acre," where every gravestone is lapped in posied plots and bright little interspaces of well-kept green, with here and there an overhanging bough ; and it is a delightful thing to sit upon a bench outside, when clouds of midges are whirling in the glow of declining day, and swallows are flitting around the old tower, and the gloaming begins to "blend with the solemn colouring of the night," whilst the sounds of sacred evensong float from the open doors into the resting village. . . . And now, I will again quote a short passage from the article called "Stories of Bowness." Speaking of Bowness fifty years ago, the writer says : " In those days, old Joseph Crosthwaite used to play the organ at the church, by turning a handle. . . . We had also violin players who were thought men of note if they could play 'The Devil's Dream,' and half-a-dozen dance tunes. We had also a 'Bowness Band,' composed of a clarionet to lead, a bassoon as bass, with other instruments to fill in. About four of these could play fairly, though as many as ten sometimes appeared in public, amongst the

band, with dumb instruments. Once this band honoured the famous Mr. Curwen with a musical performance on Belle Isle. About four only of the ten could play, and the remainder were instructed not to blow on any account, lest it should throw the rest out of tune. At the end of the performance Mr. Curwen paid them handsomely, but remarked that 'he never heard so large a band make so small a sound.'"

One of the characteristic beauties of Windermere is its "green tufted islands casting their soft shades across the lake." Many of these are little nameless, fairy-like nests of verdure, shining upon the tranquil bosom of the lake, "like spots of sky amongst the evening clouds." The names of the rest are Thompson's Holm, Hen Holm, Bough Holm, Maiden Holm, Crow Holm, Ramp Holm, (from a plant called the "ramp," with which it is overrun), the Lily Holms, and lastly, Belle Isle and Ladye Holm. Of these the last two are, perhaps, the most remarkable,—Belle Isle, the largest in the lake, not only on account of its

rich old woods, and its fertile beauty, but also its history, which connects it with Ivo de Tailleboys, a great soldier under William the Norman ; and, later, with the proud and warlike Phillipsons, of the time of Cromwell ; and the other, Ladye Holm, upon which, for more than three centuries, stood a chantry chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

To visit Ladye Holm of yore,  
Where stood the blessed Virgin's cell,  
Full many a pilgrim dipped an oar.

This chantry was standing in the reign of Henry the Eighth ; but the Phillipsons allowed it to fall into such utter ruin that hardly a trace of it now remains. Twice, within these last few days, I have visited this little historic "holy isle" of Catholic times, which, seen from the water, is now thickly shaded with the bright foliage of the fresh-leaved oak. My first visit was with a boatman from Bowness. There, wandering about, under the leafy canopy, through which the sunlight peeped in golden gleams, I found, in the middle of the island, a spot where there had been a cleared space, between

an escarpment of rock at one end and a natural embankment at the other. These, with the trees flanking the sides, must have made a shady seclusion, about twenty-five yards long by twenty yards broad. Here, doubtless, in ancient times, stood the chantry, endowed by the house of Segden in Scotland, with provision for two resident chaplains for the service of Our Lady's Chapel there; of which no traces now remain, except, perhaps, here and there, a rudely-chiselled stone among the moss-grown fragments of rock around. The trees in this cleared space where the ancient chapel stood are evidently of younger growth than those on the rest of the island. The rocky knoll, at the north end of the island, overlooking and sheltering the space where the chapel stood, is climbed by rude steps cut in the surface, and clearly seem somewhat worn by long footing. From the summit of the rocky knoll there is a fine view of the upper part of the lake, and of the grand cluster of mountains at its head. Another rude flight of steps in the rock leads down to the northern shore of the island, to a point which

seems to have been the landing place in past times.

. . . My second visit to the island was alone, when a sunny afternoon was creeping into twilight; and as I sat upon the knoll, at the end of the island, looking down into the green seclusion where the old chapel stood, and dreaming of the time when, at morning and evening, the prayers of chanting priests floated over the waters to the wooded shore, my reverie was disturbed by the sound of merry voices gradually approaching the island. It was a boatful of young men and women who had come for their holiday trip; and, as they drew near, I recognised the old dialect of the land of long chimneys: "Now then, Jack; mind what thou'rt doin'! Poo wi' thi lift hond, mon! By th' mass, thou'll have us i'th wayter! Gi' me howd! Thou knows no moore about a boat than a foomart dog does! Hutch up, Sally! . . . Here; let's sup! . . . Now then, Billy; get howd; an' poo like a mon!" The men had tufts of lilac stuck in their hats; and they were dangerously-merry. One of them, who seemed to be the liveliest of the lot, kept

springing from his seat, to the peril of the whole boatful, shouting, and singing, and waving his arms about, as he recited aloud—

The mon that would into his yed  
Some gradely knowledge crom  
Should noather in an alehouse sit  
Nor stick by th' chimbley-jaum ;  
But, in these rattlin' changeful days,  
Fro th' house he should turn out,  
An' see what there is gooin' on  
I'th country roundabout.

“Poo, lads, poo ; an' get th' boat through this wayter as fast as yo con! . . . Eh, what a day we are having !”

Last week was a busy time in Bowness ; for the place swarmed with visitors who had come for a short holiday ; and, chiefly, I believe, from the manufacturing towns of Lancashire. Every steamer on the lake has been crammed ; and the streets of the village have been throng with singing crowds, on their way to the water, with tufts of greenery in their hats, and in their hands. I don't remember seeing anybody really drunk during the whole holiday time ; and, for the most part, everybody seemed



in good temper. There was one exception, however, and that was in the case of two fell-side rustics, who were quarrelling down by the water-side. "I'll tell tho what thoo is, Jossy," said one to the other; "thoo's nowt bud a slunk, an' a swine,—nor nivver was; an' d—— tho, for twea pins I'd bat t' gob o' tha!" I left them at it; and, as I went on through the village, my friend pointed out a stout, manly-looking young fellow, who was walking quietly along. My friend stopped him; and turning to me, he said, "Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Robinson, a schoolmaster in our village, who saved the lives of four people, on the lake, a few days ago; for which, and many other excellent reasons we esteem him very highly." An account of this appeared in all the local papers here; and it certainly was a gallant action; no less bravely achieved than modestly remembered. . . . Whit-Thursday was a day of cloudless sunshine; and the village was unusually gay; for the annual sports were held on that day in a field belonging to Mr. Schneider, which slopes down to the edge of the bay, near

Bowness, in full view of the upper part of the lake. It was a beautiful day; and it was a delightfully-characteristic scene. I went down from the hotel, amongst a surging throng of hardy Westmorland fell-siders, who were all going to the field to see the "pow-loupin'," and the running, and the wrestling, in which these brave northern rustics take such an especial delight. Some of the best wrestlers of the north were on the ground. I stayed nearly four hours; and I thoroughly enjoyed the whole of the sports, which are so calculated to foster health of body and manliness of temper.

I have boated on the lake a little, and rambled about a good deal; but the finest view I have seen yet of Windermere, and of the mountains to the west and at the head of the lake, is from the terrace in front of the hotel, which overlooks the the Windermere Station.





### CHAPTER III.

Now while I cannot hear the city's din ;  
Now while the early budders are just new,  
And run in mazes of the youngest hue  
About old forests ; while the willow trails  
Its delicate amber ; and the dairy pails  
Bring home increase of milk ; and, as the year  
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer  
My little boat, for many quiet hours.

KEATS.

**I**F the Garden of Eden was as beautiful as  
the English Lake country looks just now,  
I do not wonder that our first parents  
were loth to leave it ; for a richer season never  
decked this lovely land in robes of posied verdure ;  
and though the flowers that star the green fields and  
hedges and moist slopes under the woods, and  
the blossom-laden boughs that gush over the walls  
of garden and orchard, are mostly those that prank  
the mantle of spring with beauty, yet, at last, the  
refulgent glow of summer is around us ; the strong

unclouded sun "shoots full perfection through the swelling scene ;" and every heart thrills with delight. There is no dust on the roads ; the moss-grown walls by the wayside are lit with peeping flowerets of exquisite grace and tender hue ; the verdure is full, and lush, and brightly-fresh as ever gladdened this fair world of ours ; the air is full of song, and sweetness, and blessed renovation ; the days are long and fine ; and the twilights are lingering beautiful and dreamy ; for

The sun loves to pause, with so fond a delay,  
That night only draws a thin veil o'er the day.

Last Thursday the weather was fine again ; and, a little past noon, an open conveyance was waiting at the door to take a few friends from Bowness to Grasmere, by way of Red Bank, a distance of fourteen miles. Our road led out at the north end of the village, along the eastern shore of Windermere, under the overhanging trees of Rayrigg Woods, with golden shafts of sunshine gleaming, here and there, through the bright foliage ; and, here and

there, an opening in the woods, which afforded a beautiful glimpse of the lake, and the fir-clad fells of Furness, on the opposite side of the water. The road winds in and out amongst embowering shade; and as we emerged from Rayrigg Woods, and rose up to what is called "Miller Ground," we found, again and again, that every turn in the way revealed some new picture. Three miles of our journey brought us to Troutbeck Bridge, where the stream scene on each side of the road was so delicious that we were forced to pull up, and look at it for a little while; and we should have been glad to stay with it longer. About a mile from the bridge, up the hillside, is the quiet village of Troutbeck, where the father of Hogarth, the painter, was born. A short distance from Troutbeck Bridge brought us into the open sunshine, in front of Lowwood Hotel, which is pleasantly situated in front of the widest part of Windermere; and this upper reach of the lake, with the mountains clustering grandly around it, is very fine. A little beyond the hill upon the

wooded steep, at the right hand, a sweet-looking, ivy-clad dwelling, half lapped in groves and gardens, attracts the eye. This is "Dove Nest," where Mrs. Hemans resided for some time. Here the sweet old poetess sought repose in her declining years ; and, in one of her letters, she thus alludes to the place : "I am writing to you from an old-fashioned alcove in the little garden, round which the sweet-briar and the rose-tree have completely run wild ; and I look down from it upon lovely Winandermere, which seems at this moment even like another sky, so truly is every summer cloud and tint of azure pictured in its transparent mirror. I am so delighted with the spot that I scarcely know how I shall leave it. The situation is one of the deepest retirement ; but the bright lake before me, with all its fairy barks and sails, glancing like things of life over its blue water, prevents the solitude from being overshadowed by anything like sadness." We are now at the head of the lake ; and from hence there are two routes to Grasmere. One leads through the

ancient village of Ambleside, and onward, a distance of four miles, through Rydal village, and by the Rydal Water and the grand old woods of Le Fleming; the other leaves the Ambleside road on the right, and winding a little round westward, by the head of the lake, it wanders in and out through a scattered village of rustic cottages, and then turning off northwards, it ascends a picturesque road between the hills, which, at its highest point, commands a full view of Loughrigg Tarn, shining far down in the heart of a green vale, on the right-hand side. There are views from different points of this route, especially looking back upon Windermere, from an eminence called "Rest and be Thankful," which are matchless in all this delightful land; and the view of Loughrigg Tarn, sleeping in its lovely vale, as seen from the eminence called High Close, is worth a long day's march to see. About a mile beyond High Close and Loughrigg Tarn we come to the brow of a steep, tree-shaded, winding road, called Red Bank, from whence the whole of the vale of

Grasmere, with its village and its lake, its quiet woods and fields, and the grand brotherhood of guardian mountains that fold it in from the noisy world, bursts upon the sight.

Each of these routes from the head of Windermere to Grasmere is beautiful with a beauty of its own; and no traveller in the Lake country ought to miss either of them; and so, leaving the Ambleside route on the right hand, for the time, we chose this latter approach, by way of Red Bank, resolving to return by way of Rydal Water and Ambleside, so that we might see them both. And when we halted at the head of the steep road at Red Bank, and looked down into the vale below, I felt that it was a blessed thing to store up such a scene in the gallery of memory—

And I said, "If there's peace to be found in this world,  
The heart that is humble may hope for it here."

As we came rapidly down the steep road at Red Bank, which winds in and out, half screened by overhanging boughs, among gardens and orchards,



a white house, called Allan Bank, where Wordsworth dwelt some time, stood full in view, upon a green ledge of the wooded hill before us; and through the thick foliage we caught, now and then, another new glimpse of the smooth, sunlit lake, shining like a gem in the sweet setting of its green secluded vale; and the tranquil charm of the scene grew upon us the more we gazed. Near the foot of the hill we entered the little village of embowered homesteads, which straggles prettily about a tract of level meadows, at the head of the water, clustering chiefly around its ancient parish church, upon the banks of the river Rothay. The church stands hard by the wayside, in the midst of its quiet graveyard, where, amongst moss-grown gravestones, and grassy mounds, that breathe pathetic memories, the great high-priest of Nature lies at rest with "the rude forefathers of the hamlet," lulled by the murmurs of the stream he loved and sang. The road runs by the church, and over an old bridge a little beyond, under which the Rothay wimples onward, through

posied fields, down to the lake beyond,—where every cloud that sails across the sky finds its reflection in another sky below. On the opposite side of the road, in front of the church, the rectory stands, in the midst of a bowery plot of grove and garden ; and the gate from the rectory immediately faces the gate leading into the church—

Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say  
His holy things at morn and eventyde.

This quiet graveyard, by the limpid Rothay's posied side, is a doubly-hallowed spot. We found three or four contemplative visitors, sitting silently upon the low wall that encloses the ground, or pacing softly about the corner where William Wordsworth and his friends and relatives sleep side by side. . . . The door of the church was open ; and a woman was on her knees in the porch, cleaning the worn slate-stone pavement ; and, as I wandered about the silent aisles of the sacred fane, I saw at once that *this* is the church of which Wordsworth says—

Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,  
But large and massy, for duration built ;  
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld  
By naked rafters, intrically cross'd,  
Like leafless underboughs, mid some thick grove,  
All wither'd by the depth of shade above.

The floor

Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,  
Was occupied by oaken benches, ranged  
In seemly rows.  
And marble monuments were here displayed,  
Thronging the walls, and on the floor beneath  
Sepulchral stones appeared with emblems graven,  
And foot-worn epitaphs.

Leaving the church we strolled about the village for a while. It is now more than a century since the poet Gray visited this spot ; and since that time the rustic simplicity of the old village and the appearance of the wooded slopes around have been somewhat "tutored and refined ;" but there is a passage in one of his letters, describing the appearance of Grasmere, as seen in his descent from Dunmail Raise, which is graphically true still of this "fair scene most loved by Evening and her dewy star." He says,—“The bosom of

the mountains, spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst Grasmere Water ; its margin is hollowed into small bays with eminences, some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command : from the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with a parish church rising in the midst of it ; hanging enclosures, cornfields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges, and cattle, fill up the space from the edge of the water."

. . . . .

From the village we took our way along the Ambleside road, towards the Prince of Wales Hotel, which is a large and handsome house, pleasantly situated upon the margin of the lake, and commanding a full view of the water. At the "Town End," as it is called, and within five hundred yards of the hotel, I turned aside, on the left hand, to look at the cottage in which Wordsworth took up

his abode, and spent the early part of his married life, on his first settlement in the Vale of Grasmere, in 1799. The house still retains all its old features, although now hidden from the view of the passing traveller by a row of modern cottages which front the highway. As I turned up from the roadside, the people at the doors of the cottages which screen the house from public view evidently knew what I was in search of, for many a traveller had gone up that way on the same errand. I found it about fifty yards from the highroad,—a substantial, roomy, old-fashioned cottage, in good condition, newly whitewashed, and with clean windows, with pot flowers peeping through the lowmost panes. It nestles under the shade of a thickly-wooded steep, and is half shaded by trees at the rear; and it stands in a little sloping garden, with a holly-tree at one end of the front, and a yew-tree and a flowering laburnum at the other; and a delightful spot it must have been eighty years ago, when it commanded an uninterrupted view of the lake and the vale.

At the hotel we found good refreshment, and pleasant wandering grounds by the margin of the water. When evening came on, my friends departed and I was left alone by Grasmere's lovely lake—

Within its mountain urn  
Smiling so tranquilly and set so deep.

There is a well-kept garden between the hotel and the lake, and its thickset edge screens from view a little terrace which winds round by the water-side, near a landing-place, where the boats lie rocking with the motion of the wave. As I wandered about in this flowery pleasaunce in the cool of the evening, I heard a man's voice on the other side of the hedge, crooning a well-known Cumberland song,—

Of aw the lads I see or ken,  
There's yen I like abuin the rest ;  
He's neycer in his war-day duds  
Then others donn'd in aw their best.

A body's heart's a body's awn,  
An' they may gi't to whae they will ;  
If I had ten where, now, I've nane,  
I'd gie them a' to Gwordie Gill.

Here he stopped ; then he whistled a bit ; and then, as he knocked a nail into the boat, he broke into a different ditty altogether,—

We'd hay-cruiks, an' hen-tails, an' hanniels,  
An' nattlers, that fuddle for naught ;  
We'd scape-greaces, skybells, an' scruffins,  
An' maffs, better far fed than taught.

We'd lads that wad eat for a wager,  
Or feight, ay, till blood up to th' knees ;  
Fell-seyders, an' aw maks o' riff-raff,  
That deil a bum-beallie wad seize.

It was one of the boatmen belonging to the house, waiting for a job. I engaged him for a pull round the lake ; and I found him a very shrewd and amusing fellow, who could hold his tongue till he was wanted to speak ; and who had generally something interesting to say when he did speak. He told me the names of the mountains, and other remarkable features of the scene. “Yon's Silver How,” said he ; “that's where the guides' race is run. They start fra a field at the head o' the water, yon ; an' they run up to the top o' Silver How an' down again,—a distance of two miles,—an' they do it in

twenty minutes." A bird went squattering across the surface of the water. "What's that?" said I. "It's a wild duck," replied he. "We've a lot o' domesticated wild ducks about here. They build in bushes along the shore. Last year, one o' them built her nest in a tree, six feet from the ground; but the nest was robbed one Sunday morning." There is a solitary island in the lake. It is about four acres in extent, with a few scattered trees and an old barn upon it; and it is used as a pasture for sheep. I asked him the name of the island. "It is called Emerald Island," replied he, "on account of its greenness. . . . When the Prince of Wales was about sixteen years old," continued he, "he came to stop at this hotel with his friend, young Lord Cadogan; and, whilst they were here, they got upon the island, and began to chase the sheep that were grazing there. The sheep belonged to an old woman who lived at the white house, yon; and she came down to th' water-side, and shouted for them to let the sheep alone; but they



took nae notice ; an' she ca't them aw maks o' ill neames, an' said they were badly-browt-up barns o' somebody's. At last somebody went an' tow'd her that it was t' Prince o' Wales an' young Lord Cadogan. 'I care nowt whae they are,' said she, 'they're badly-browt-up barns ; an' they'd dew wi' t' brakkin-strap puttin' on a bit !''

That quiet hour upon the water, in the twilight, touched me with the rapture of repose that dwells upon that mountain-guarded vale and its beautiful lake.





## CHAPTER IV.

So wend we into Rydal's lovely vale.  
The little mere lies tranquil and serene  
Within its mountain realm ; a shimmering veil  
Hangs where the shore-line else would intervene  
'Twixt earth and shadowland, and worlds beneath  
Look out on worlds above ; the wooded isles  
Have fellow-isles inverted, and the heath,  
Ablaze in bloom upon the upland, smiles  
From mirrored slopes below ; in depths afar  
The summer clouds are set in leagues of blue  
From heaven's high arch, and naught appears to mar  
A beauty half unreal, and yet so wholly true.

WILLIAM WILSON, OF WINDERMERE.

**F**AST night, Nature, the kind old nurse,  
sang me to sleep once more ; for I was  
lulled to repose by the sound of steady  
rain, which fell with quiet patter upon the foliage  
under my window ; and a drowsier bed-song never  
wooed the senses of a tired man into the land of  
dreams. This morning the heavens are cloudless

again; and the air is full of sweet smells, and pleasant sounds, that steal softly upon the ear, breathing a mingled hymn of Nature's general gladness with the peaceful stir of rustic life—

All things that love the sun are out of doors ;  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;  
The grass is bright with raindrops ; on the moors  
The hare is running races in her mirth.

And now another beautiful day finds me lingering still in the secluded vale, "where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads, to willowy hedge-rows, and to emerald meads,"—lingering, delighted with the tranquil charm of the lake that lies gleaming here before me, smooth as a looking-glass, in the heart of its own green cup of the mountain land,—delighted with the soft beauty, and "the grace serene that dwells on grove and lea" in this spell-bound vale,—delighted with the quiet village of nest-like houses, and the ancient church at the head of the water,—the grassy meads, through which the Rothay winds its way between banks of nodding posies,—the verdant

lawns, and wood-clad slopes of varied foliage, now, all "thickening green" with the freshness of spring, and the fulness of summer's richest boskage,—up to where the cultivated lands die away into rocky sheepwalks, and unshaded wilds,—ending in storm-worn crags, which have looked down upon the peaceful vale below through countless ages, unchanged in aspect, guarding it with loving care, as a mother shields her child.

. . . . .

The weather here is very pleasant just now, although the bright days are varied a little, now and then, with a fitful shower, which tickles the rich verdure anew with a freshness and twinkling beauty, past description sweet ; and, if it rains at night, the sun is almost sure to burst forth next morning with new splendour, turning every raindrop into a gleaming gem of orient pearl. The farmers are all delighted with the season, and its prospect ; and I was glad to read the following passage in the agricultural column of one of the local papers : "All things are working

well for us, *so far as the weather can effect this end.* The whole face of the country is changed. Pastures, meadows, and seed grass lands look as though they had been touched by an enchanter's wand, so great is the change for good." . . . It is curious to watch the different streams of visitors that come teeming down from the station at Windermere, through these vales, chiefly, of course, from the busy towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. To these industrial swarms a visit to this beautiful region must, indeed, be a blessed change, and a delightful remembrance ; and I have noticed that they are almost invariably better dressed and much more orderly than the same class of people were a quarter of a century ago. Perhaps their choice for such a scene for recreation shows that they belong to the "better end" of their order, in distinction to those that rush to the dancing-gardens and singing-rooms of our great manufacturing towns. Be that as it may, a few days ago, after a little lull in the vale, another rush of visitors suddenly came on ; and I found that two

trips had just arrived, one from St. Helens, in Lancashire, and the other from Sedbergh, a rural town, about eleven miles from Kendal, the population of which is mostly employed in the open air ; and I was struck by the difference in the personal appearance of the two different crowds as they came surging down into the little town. They were all equally well-dressed, and well-conducted ; but the Sedbergh company were almost all of a healthy hue, and well grown, whilst those from St. Helens were comparatively pale, and stunted in person.

Whilst flitting to-and-fro in this charming part of Lake-land,—now at Bowness, on sweet Winander's winding shore,—now at Kendal Fair,—now at Ambleside market, when the little town swarms with farm-folk from the hills and dales around,—now sauntering by the lonely lake in Grasmere's quiet vale, or on some shady country road that led through solitary farms and hamlets grey, I have lost no opportunity of mingling with the rustic people of the district, whose hardy frames, and manly features,

tanned by rural toil,—whose quaint speech and simple manners were refreshing as a mountain breeze to one long time in city pent,—and whose way of life was none the less interesting to me that it was the way of life of my forefathers, amongst the Border hills. . . . The other day, whilst at Bowness, a friend of mine invited me to visit an old farmstead of his, called “Cleabarrow,” up in a mountain nook east of Bowness. Our way wound in and out, nearly two miles up the fell-side, through many a beautiful tract of sylvan shade; by solitary pools, where the wild fowl loves to rest; by ragged crags, where the raven builds and breeds; and heathery wastes, across which the curlew’s plaintive cry floats wild and clear when twilight sinks upon the lonely hills. When we got to the place I found it a pastoral nest that would have delighted a painter’s eye. It had evidently been the home of many generations of fell-side folk; for though the house was strongly built, and everything in it and about it was remarkably clean, and in good order,

it was quaintly irregular in form, and looked as if it had been battered by a thousand storms; and the firm but uneven pavement of the farmyard was eloquently-worn by the footing of centuries of rustic folk long since laid at rest; and the lowmost part of the walls, both of the dwelling-place and the outhousing, were tinged and cushioned with moss enriched on moss, season after season,—and delicate lichens sprouted prettily, here and there, between the time-worn stones of the ancient building. The house nestled, too, in a sheltered dell of the mountain steep; with the farmyard and outbuildings on one side, and a large orchard, shading the windows, on the other; and it was partly overhung, here and there, by fine old trees, one of which,—a noble yew-tree,—was pointed out with pride as having been planted by some ancient inhabitant of the house, three centuries ago. . . . The farmyard was a pleasant scene of pastoral bustle on that sunny day, for the farmer and his household were all busy with sheep-shearing. To me



it was a delightful scene, and I lingered amongst the shearers till the last of the flock had been denuded of its cumbrous load, and sent "bounding to the hills again," where a multitude of motherless lambs were filling the country-side with bleating lamentations. And now, as I saw sheep after sheep spring away, naked, from the hands of the shearers, I quite understood the meaning of the saying which I have heard so often in the mouths of country folk,—“He ran like a new-clipt sheep.” Before leaving this pleasant pastoral scene, I will venture to quote a graphic picture of fell-side life from a little story in the dialect of this district, called “T’ Reysh Beearin,” written by the Rev. Thomas Clarke, Rector of Ormside:

Ya see, we leeve i’ yan o’ thor deea’ls up amang t’ fells—a fell heead spot amackly, es yan may say, omast be coorsells; fer we’r a parlish lang way frae enny nebbers, sooa we nivver see neeabody, nobbet noo an’ then, when sum et deal chaps cum up latan a stray teeap or summet et mak. We’ve a bit a land, an’ t’ hoose liggs varra snug amang a lock o’ eysh trees, an’s

weel beealt' frae t' fell wind be some heeh crags. We keep a twa three kye, an bring up a few coves; an noo an then hev a conny lile pig or twa, et does varra well fer uz when we've a flick o bacon hingan i't chimla. We set a lock a taetas, an hev a bit a cworm, if we can get it afwore t' snaa cumes; and it sarras uz fer a bit a havver breed an a few podish; we kern a few puns a butter a week, an meeak a lile cheese noo an then; we greeave a lock a peeats a top a t' fell, ez cuz in varra weel fer eldin i' winter. Mear than that we've twa or three scooar sheep, an i't lang winter neets a card a bit a woo an meeak it into flowts, while oor Betty spins it fer cleath. We've nowt bet oorsels at heeam, fer t' sarvants er sick sacy, fratchan, kickmalaery things noo-a-daes, et yan can dea nowt a to wi' them, neea nowt a to barn; an oor Betty an me er beeath on uz gaily lish, sooa we'd rather deea t' wark oorsels ner be fashed wi' them. Sooa we prow on amang t' kye, an t' sheep, an t' coves be oorsels, an omast nivver see neeabody et decal heead.

It was far on in the afternoon of a sunny day, and I sat smoking under a white-blossomed thorn in the garden which divides the Prince of Wales Hotel from the lake at Grasmere, when they came to tell me that the "trap" was ready to take me up to Thirlmere,—of which we have heard so much during the past year. The distance from

Grasmere to the far end of Thirlmere lake is something more than six miles. Our way led up the hill, northward, and over the pass of Dunmail Raise,—a wild scene between the mountains called Steel Fell and Seat Sandal. As we climbed the hill, the view of the deep vale, on the left-hand side, with its green fields, and old tree-shaded farmsteads, was a pretty contrast to the bleak steeps rising high above on both sides of the road. When we got to the head of the pass, at Dunmail Raise, the landscape was singularly wild and bare, flanked by steep treeless mountains; and it must, indeed, present much the same appearance to the eye that it did on the day,—now nearly a thousand years ago,—when Edmund the Saxon defeated Dunmail, the Celtic king of Cumberland, and gave his territory to Malcolm of Scotland. It seems a fit scene for such a wild contest in such a wild time; and the grey “cairn” of piled stones, hard by the wayside, beneath which the defeated king lies

buried, lends a gloomy historic tinge to the desolation around. At this grey cairn,

Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones—  
He who once held supreme command,  
Last king of rocky Cumberland—

we first came in sight of Thirlmere, a long, narrow lake, shining like a silver streak, down in the distant vale before us. The lake lies in what is called the vale of Legberthwaite ; and, to me, it is very beautiful. We rode on to the far end of the lake. The meadows at the head of the lake, besprent with trees and old farmsteads, make a pleasant picture in the eye. When the level of the water is raised something more than fifty feet, all this will disappear, and the lake will then be more than two miles longer than now ; and, though it seems to me a pity to drown all that pastoral scene of ancient vegetation,—if abundance of good water could have been got nearer Manchester,—I have scarcely met with anybody in the district itself who objects to the change. On our way back, we called

at a little inn, by the wayside, called the Nag's Head, where tourists frequently "put up" for the night before climbing Helvellyn. Immediately in front of the inn, on the opposite side of the road, stands "Wytheburn's modest house of prayer, as lowly as the lowliest dwelling." My friend got the key from the landlady, and we entered the sweet and simple little fane, which has recently been restored, with admirable taste, by some modest artist belonging to the district—

Humble it is, and meek, and very low,  
And speaks its purpose by a single bell ;  
But God Himself, and He alone, can know  
If spiry temples please Him half so well.

The next day I returned to Windermere by way of Rydal Water and Ambleside; and in that valley of four miles long between Grasmere and Ambleside, which is lit by the beautiful little lake of Rydal, and through which the river Rothay

runs, I saw more exquisite sylvan scenery than I have found in any four miles I ever travelled.

And now a word about Windermere before I close. Now nearly half a century ago, when Canning, and Sir Walter Scott, and Wordsworth, and Southey, and Professor Wilson, were entertained by Mr. John Bolton, of Storrs Hall, the last day of their visit was celebrated by "one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the radiant procession when it paused at the point of Storrs to admit into the place of honour the vessel that carried kind and happy Mr. Bolton and his guests." So says Lockhart, in his "Life of Scott;" and I cannot conceive a sheet of water in the British Isles more admirably suited for such a display. I am glad to hear that there is a scheme on foot, at last, for the revival of aquatic

sports on this beautiful lake, on a scale of importance much greater than in times past.

My holiday came to an end; and, as I looked down from the Windermere Station upon the village by the water side, I felt sorry to leave the beautiful spot where I had spent so many pleasant days.



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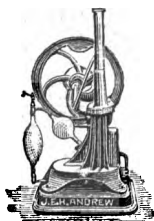
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